CHRONICLE, LEWISBURG

An independent Family Paper--- devoted to News, Literature, Politics, Agriculture, Science and Morality.

BY O. N. WORDEN.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 28, 1849.

VOL. VI., NO. 35--295.

THE RAVEN ... By Edgar A. Poe, dec'd.

- 1 Oace upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary, Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten fore— White I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping, As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door;
 "Tis some visiter," I mutti-red, "tapping at my chamber door—
 Only this, and nothing more."
- 25, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December. And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor. Sagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to corrow From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore— For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore— Nameless here for evermore.
- And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain Thrilled me-filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before; So that now to still the beating of my heart I stood repeating, "Tis some visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door-Some late visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door-This it is, and nothing more."
- Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
 "Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
 But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping. And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door.

 That I scarse was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door—

 Darkness there, and nothing more.
- 5 Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing, Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before : But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token, And the only word there spoken was the whispered word "Lenore!" This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore!" Merely this, and nothing more.
- Back into my chamber turning, all my soul within me burning, Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before. "Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice; Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore-Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;—
 'I'm the wind, and nothing more!"
- Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter, In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore: Not the least obersance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he; But with mien of ford or lady perched above my chamber door— Perched upon a bust of Pailas just above my chamber door— Perched, and sat, and nothing more.
- Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling, By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
 "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven, Ghastly, grim, and ancient Riven wandering from the Nightly shore-Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Piutonian shore?"

 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."
- Though its answer little meaning-little relevancy bore; For we can not help agreeing that no living human being Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door-Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door, With such name as "Nevermore."
- te But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only . That one word, as if his soul he did in that outpour. Nothing further then he muttered—not a feather then he fluttered— Till I scarcely more than uttered "Other friends have flown before-On the morrow he will leave me, as my friends have flown before."-Then he said, " Nevermore."
- It Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken, Doubtless," said I, " what it utters is its only stock and store Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster Followed fast and followed faster until his soul one burden bore-Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore O: " Never-nevermore.
- 12 But the Raven still beguiling my sad fancy into smiling. Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust, and door, Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking Fancy unto fancy thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
 Meant by croaking "Nevermore."
- 18 Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing To the fowl whose there eyes now burned within my bosom's core; This and more I sat divining, with my head at case reclining. On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp light gloated o'er, But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light glosting o'er,

 She shall press, sh, nevermore!
- 14 Then, methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer Swung by scraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tutted floor. "Wretch!" I cried, "thy God hath lent thee-by these angels he h Respite-respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore! Quaff, O quaff this kind nepenthe, and torget the lost Lenore!" Quoth the Raven, " Nevermore!"
- 75 "Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil-prophet still, if bird or devil Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore, Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted-On this home by Horror haunted-tell me truly, I implore Is there, is there be'm in Gilead? tell me-tell me, I implore!" Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"
- 16 "Prophet!" anid I, "thing of evil-prophet still, if bird or devil! By that heaven that bends above us-by that God we both adore-Tell this soul with sorrow laden if within the distant Aidden It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore !"-Q roth the Raven, "Nevermore."
- 17 "Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shricked, upstarting-Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore! Leave no black plume as a token of that he thou hast spoken! Leave my loneliness unbroken !- quit the bust above my door! Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my doof!" Quoth the Raven, " Nevermore!
- 18 And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting On the pullid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door; And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming, And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor ; And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor Shall be lifted-nevermore!

Why is the great Russian Bear, Nicho-1 has, like a half-starved fox? Because he's Southern boundary line of Pennsylvania, shore of the pond, at the hopelessness of her efforts; then "What," said he to himself, "nobody at prepared to go. Mother Conny was anxget flung(a)ry, and wants Turkey.

Apples are not only palatable and cheap

fact the territory of Pennsylvania.

FERGUS.

BY JACOB ABBOTT. [Concluded.]

that as they had now done what seemed to the shore.

to them best, God would take the result into his own heads and since the poor little fellow to get across the pond in such a night as this."

An hour more passed away. It was after him o'clock, Mary declared she could be for leading into the contrast across the pond in such a night as this." to his own hands, and give them hearts of the summer with the winter scene, and then "Well Mary, we have nothing to do but beer the anxiety and suspense no longer, kitchen—there was no latch or handle visher hande as her head reclined upon them, air was so full of driving snow that he restless and anxious about it." but the gushing would come, while she could not see but a very little way, but "O dear!" said Mary, sitting down and represented to her that she could do noth-

the bridge he walked over it freely, as dong his pikestaff upon the baks, and looking with a kind of satisfaction at his clother, on. He succeeded, however, at length, in bridge, and was surprised to the brook had disappeared frozen over, and was comwith snow, and even the bed of the stream was so filled in with drifts that all indica- will return to his parents. George went to signation to the divine will. George had to you, what will become of him !" gurgling, as if under ground.

It was almost over his head, and the snow erer. "Benny! want to come and rock and will struggled for the control of it, and was only going a few steps down the road. Lora again. It seemed he liked first childwas falling so thick around him, and blew with father ?" with such violence into his face and eyes, Benny made an effort to reach out his was in a state of indescribable turnult and that it lay in great heaps and ridges, but its greeting better, though it was only a stturning his back towards the wind.

makes it always blow the hardest just as I and condolence in his ear. am in the middle of the deepest drifts! I'll Mary went to the window. "Oh, my keep still till it is tired."

buried in the drift, his face turned towards How could we let him go?" the side of the road, he saw that along on the other side of the fence was a sort of an now you must not make yourself and me eddy where the snow had almost entirely anxious and unhappy about it." blown away. He could see with difficulty. "Why how can I help feeling anxious frosted over. He perceived, however, by storm as this, and night coming on !" the little tufts of grass, that the ground was "We can help feeling anxious in a mea barely covered there, near the feace. So, sure," replied George, "we can try to after resting a moment, and letting his face think of something else, and if an anxious get warm by keeping it sheltered from the thought comes into your mind, do n't say wind, he ploughed his way out of the drift, it out-speaking it only makes it stronger climbed over the fence, and walked along The child is in God's hands, and we have

under its lee. It was an open rail fence, and Fergus Mary could not reply to this, and went could not understand how it could have so about her work, preparing supper. But her much effect in sheltering the ground be- mind was ill at ease. She could not deny yond it; but wiser philosophers than Fer- George's position that their boy was entirely gus have been puzzled in attempting to out of their hands, and that God by making account for the distribution of the drifts in it plainly their duty to send him (at least a snow storm. He went along quite easily as it appeared to them,) had taken the retill he came to the woods, where the fence sponsibility of his safety into His own hands turned off in another direction, and then he -but after all her heart was not submissive came into the road again. These woods George, too, felt an instinctive parental solicontinued uninterrupted down to the pond, citude, which made him follow in imaginaand consequently for the rest of the way tion every step of Pergus' way, but his heart the wind ceased, and the surface of snow was subdued, and submissive to the will of was level. It was pretty deep, but then it God, in regard to the result; so that he was was light, and Fergus broke his way in it calm and peaceful in spirit, tho' the swelling without much difficulty, the' he preceded emotions of his heart repeatedly filled his slowly. He, in fact, enjoyed going thro' eyes. He hummed in Benny's ear, in words the woods. The calmness of the air, and too imperfectly articulated to be heard, the the gentleness with which the snow fell, led good old hymn, him, as it has often done more experienced travelers, to imagine that the violence of the storm was abating. The air actually And they who know by experience what it into God's hands; but it was of little avail. doctor's snug little farm house. It was in "That is true," said the old lady, "and felt mild and bland to his cheek, and Fergus thought his troubles were over. The noise of the blast still sweeping heavily along the trouble, will not think it strange that he ations, somehow or other, did not reach it. distance from the house formed in summer tops of the trees, might have undeceived him, but Fergus attended only to the and heart-felt enjoyment. pleasanter indications that were near.

The Commissioners to determine the through the woods, he came out upon the making a little apple turn-over for Fergus, Then would succeed a feeling of despair and he saw no track.

George stood at the window too, looking the shore of the pond Now any dark object her work to gaze anxiously from the win- that the fruidescess of her attempts to off his cap and shook it. His fingers and out at one of the lower panes. They watch- always attracts the foctsteps of a traveler dow. At last she asked George if it was control it, only showed how deeply it was feet ached with the cold, but he thought band. He went slowly on till he passed out of the vard, and approached the apple.

It seems to belong to the solid ground, and out of the vard, and approached the apple.

Why, no," said George, hesitating, "I fre, by a tempest of contending emotions.

Mother Conny's ideas of tidiness seemed.

Why, no," said George, hesitating, "I fre, by a tempest of contending emotions. out of the yard, and approached the apple- promises an easier path by the side of it. should hardly expect them yet." out of his parents' sight. He turned around, reached it. It was the edge of the boat, in it is growing dark." Mary brought her face sunk into a kind of lethargy. George and when displeased. waved his pikesiuff with a parting smile, which he had often crossed in summer, close to the glass, shading her eyes from the in his low chair by the corner, rocking the Fergus, then ascended one or two steps and then disappeared. George turned away and which had been haves up there, frozen light in the room by putting her hands on chadle and reading a tract by the light of which led from the shed into a small room in science to the cradie, and began gently in, and almost buried. Fergus could not each side of them, and straining her sight to the fire. The tea kettle burnmed a monoto rock it, saying to himself— How possi- help wishing it was a summer evening, with look down the road; but the snow which tonous song close before the fire, and by lous tools and utensils, arranged in order, ble it is that we shall never see him smile green fields, and blue sky, and a soft breeze filled the air, drove against the window, and the side of it was a plate, whose contents and a spinning wheel in one corner. The again I" Mary went away intends other among the leaves—so that he might trickled down on the outside, and prevented were covered and concealed by a bowl reroom, and knelt at the bedside, and prayed launch the boat and paddle himself to the her seeing much. "I do not believe it is versed over it. It was Fergus' turn-over, which was increased by the sound of the

mer days many an afternoon. He reached lidated, and his progress through it more moment's peace, as long as I live." the brook without much difficulty, and as laborious. The wind, too, which came "But consider, Mary," said George, "we I can not stay in re."

whitened with the snow higher than his fairly gaining the opposite shore, without ful." She arose and walked back and forth knees. He looked over the railing of the actually losing his track, and then after a across the room with a hurried and restless gus on the way, and perusaded him to go rather in a severe voice, "is it you? Well been out of the road into the Doctor's yard, and The truth was that the strong impulses any rate it will not do any good for you here, a mile and more from home, in this much short walk in a sheltered valley, he turned step. covered waded up to his door.

that he could not see. He sank down on hands, but from weakness they dropped agitation. Nothing makes such commo- she contrived to work her way slowly lent smile. He found that Lora was bringthe soft bed beneath him to rest a moment, again, at his side. George took him up tions in the soul, as a will struggling for along in the shallow places between them. ing a chair for him, lifting it laboriously gently, and laying the child's face upon "I wonder," said he to himself, "what his shoulder, murmared words of sympathy rages like a maniac, chained, but unsub- olently into her face, that she was almost it was offered, and put his aching feet tow-

George," said she, "what a storm! Poor As he sat or rather reclined thus, almost Fergus-he never will get across the pond.

" We did the best we could, Mary, and

now nothing to do for him."

his face so that he could not see or scarcely of an hour before they should reasonably feeling of rebellion against God in one to into a shed which opened towards the south breathe. He turned his back to it again, be expected, but this quarter of an home whom God had always been so kind and and was of course sheltered from the storm glided away very soon, and daylight began littliful a protector, was guilty in the ex- - here he could breathe freely. He brushed His eyes fell on a dark object down by sensibly to decline. She repeatedly left treme, whether she could help it or not, and and beat the snow from his clothes, and took

quiet submission to his will. She pressed turned his face towards the smooth and to wait quietly for the end, now. There is and that she would go out herself and see the, but in place of them a leather string. her handkerchief upon her eyes, with both level surface of the pond before him. The nothing we can do, and it is wrong to be what had become of her boy. George tried with a knot at the end of it, protruded

then some traces of the road across the gazing into the fire with a look of great on such a night, in such a wild unfre- inside; the door opened, and he entered. But we will follow Pergus. His road led ice were visible, and he pushed on. The distress. "How sorry I am we let him go! quented road, that she could not see the in a large, old fashioned elbow chair ion down into a valley, in which it crossed snow was level upon the pond, as it had I might have gone—and now he will perish drills or even find her way. brook where he had played in the sum- been in the woods, but it was more conso- in the snow, and I shall never have another "I know it is bad," said she, "but poor knitting. Her crutches were leaning up

roaring down from old Hoaryhead, in the have done the best we could; and le is in

than for Mary. First, he was not the road. She noticed the traces of Fergus? "At home?" said the old lady-"nomother. There was a semi-animal instinct foot-steps thus far, but here a high crested my John is never at home. He is always of parental love in her beaun, which was ridge ran obliquely necess the road, in a traveling off among these woods and difference in their habits of mind, he was jed up, and which effectually prevented her gone o' horseback, away 'round old Hoaaccustomed to see more of the bright side. from making any facther progress. She ryhead-and such a storm. I told him it for the air was thick, and his eyelids were my poor boy out on a lone road, in such a and she more of the dark. His natural stood here a mamont in despair. She was going to be a terrible blow; I knew associations of thought were cheerful; Ma | called - Fergus! with all the strength of by signs. And it's turned out true, for ry's were sad. So that when any rude voice she could raise, and then paused, hol. there has not been such a storm, since storblast of unusual fury shook the windows ding her breath, to catch a reply. But it my Monday, thirty years ago, come next it was followed in Mary's mind by the idea was in vain to attempt to listen. The mouth," of Fergus perishing under in the snow- sweeping sound of the snow flying 'round' while to George, it suggested the probabil- her -- the flapping of her cloak, and above think it is so very bad. The snow is not ity that the wind it elf might be a good to all the awful howling of the wind among so deep as it was in some storms last win-Fergus, to the points of the compass, if he the branches and tops of the forest trees, ter." should get lost-or that it would blow off would have been more than than sufficient the snow from the ice, or some other en- to have drowned the cry of a pershing there has not been such a storm this thirty couraging idea. Thus submission was a child, had such a cry been uttered near far more easy duty to George than to M. ry, still it was no less a duty to both.

> the next hour passed away without bringing any tidings of her boy. Her agitation and her sufferings were increased too, by the conviction that her feelings were wrong this suffering, where the power of endurand that her plain unwillingness to sub-mi to the decision of God was entirely incomsistent with her Christian vows. But to feel right is a very different thing from struggling against feeling wrong. She saw clearly how unreasonable it was for her to be unwilling that God should decide, and how foolish it was even in heart to attempt o resists him; then by a kind of desperate struggle, she would resolve to give up the contest, and resign the case entirely left him going up safely to the door of the lous about him, if he did not return. is really to resign everything into God's She found that the root of insubmission a parrow glen, sheltered towards the north I like you for that. I know how mathers hands in the hour of serious danger or lay too deep. Resolutions and determin- by high cliffs. A noisy stream at a small feel. I wish my John would care a little spent a half hour in a state of very pure After the most energetic exercise of the a beautiful brook, now nearly concealed some supper first, and let him go." will to feel right which seemed possi by ice and snow. When Fergus reached Lora bro't a bowl of milk from the table

Pergus must be perishing in this storm and against the chimney by her side. A plain

on. He succeeded, however, at length, in "Oh George," said she, "it is too dread. or perhaps he was not at home-of per- came in, and smiled. . of maternal anxiety, had gained an entire to go out. Then besides," said he, "look storm. Run away, I dare say, and now -And now, since he is safely there, we triumich over her feelings of Christian re- at poor Benny there; if anything happens your poor mother is half crazy.-Well,"

tions of a brook were entirely gone. Still, his shop to finish his work, promising to left the case in the hands of God, and was Mary new the hopelessness of any efforts children. I only wish my son was not when he listened, he could hear a low return and take care of Benny while Mary quietly awaiting the result. Not coldly she could make, but a feeling which she like all the rest of 'em. prepared supper. He accordingly came in and with unconcern-for his heart was could not resist, seemed to impet her on in "Why mother," said Pergus, "the snow Fergus did not stop long at the bridge again after half an hour, looking up any. full of the deepest and tenderest interest in her preparations, though she was evidently birds are out to day, and why should not I the wind and falling snow drove him on. lously as he crossed the yard at the signs of the fate of his little son; but while his af-His road here turned down the valley, but increasing violence in the storm. As he fections and sympathies were all deeply in off her bonnet and laid it down, and then, "A snow bird!" said the old lady, with tor him, extended across the road. He took her place in a low chair he had made and entered into no contest with God in room, took it again, saying, "I must go." not to have anything else to := , went on waded into it as far as he could, and then expressly for the purpose. "Benny," said respect to the issue. Mary however could At length she opened the door and went knitting as fast as she could. thrust his pikestaff down into it, on before, he, holding out his hands to the little suff- not give up the case to God. Her mind out, though she assured George that she Fergus turned round to look for little

> blind, and sometimes had to turn 'round to aids the fire. Two reasons made the duty of submissinget breath. She at length made her way in 1 come for your father, Lora, to go on, in this case, far more easy for George. down the yard, and out to the turn of the and see little Benny; is he at home !" diogether weaker in his. Then again from which all traces of his path had been bur- mountains, night and day. And now he's her-and Mary turned away, pale and almost fainting with anxious fear, and toiled The tumult in Mary's mind increased as her way back to the house. Her heart was in a state of atter rebellion against the supremacy of God.

once itself seems at length to be exhausted, and the words that arise are, "I can not bear this any longer." They who watch with the sick, observe this point, as the patient passes it in the progress of pain-the succumbing and sinking of the spirit, when the load becomes at last intolerable. Mi- was, her asperity was only superficialry was very near this point, as she returned to the house. -But we must next see Fergus. We back, for his mother would be very anx-

too deep for him to get through, and the however soon strived that this limited on amust see complete the instinctive Mother Conny at least must be there."

snow whirled around him, and drove into the doctor's sleigh-bells. It was a quarter conviction of the moral sense that such a He waded thro' the yard and went'round In the mean time Benny had been re- to grow more rigid as she grew old, and

to dissuade her, but with little success. He thro' a gimblet hole. Fergus pulled this

by the side of the fire, sat Mother Conny, round table was standing in the middle of "No," said George, " we can't be sure the room, with cups and plates upon it,

home with him till the storm is over. At you're in a fine case, I declare-caught out

as she was utterly without power, her soul. The snow was so drifted in the yard hood better than second—at least he liked dominion, while yet it is powerless. It The wind blow the snow, however, so vi- with both hands. He took it as silently as

"Why Mother," said Fergus, "I don't

"But is not done yet, child. I tell you years, as this is, and is going to be."

Fergus prused a moment, considering his situation. Then rising, he said, "Well, then I must go home alone, and the sooner I'm on the pond, the better."

Lora told him he had better wait; she thought her father would be at home before long, and she went to the front room window to see if she could not see him coming; but nothing was visible but driving and drifted snow.

The old lady also remonstrated against his going, and urged that "her John" could carry him over in the morning. The truth there was a current of real good will beneath. Fergus however, said he must go

about his mother. But, Lora, give him

In the meantime, Mary was busy in her ble, she would find in a few minutes her the house, it appeared deserted. The snow to the fire, put in some histy pudding from After walking thus a quarter of a mile preparations for supper, and particularly in heart rising again in restless insubmission. lay piled up about the doors and windows, a kettle in the corner, and gave to Fergus, who are with great satisfaction, and then have discovered old landmarks which show emerged suddenly into a tempest of wind over was Fergus' lighest idea of luxury, self-reproach for this sinful rising against home?" Then casting his eye up, he saw lous and agitated—she called for her pipe, that several valuable farms, heretofore and driving snow. A great drift lay in and Mary by her interest in making it got God; then the suggestion that she could a slight smoke blowing off from the chim-Apples are not only palatable and cheap of that several valuable farms, heretotore and driving show. A great or it in the several valuable farms, heretotore and driving show. A great or it in the several valuable farms, heretotore and driving show. A great or it in the several valuable farms, heretotore and driving show. A great or it in the several valuable farms, heretotore and driving show. A great or it in the several valuable farms, heretotore and driving show. A great or it in the several valuable farms, heretotore and driving show. A great or it in the several valuable farms, heretotore and driving show. A great or it in the several valuable farms, heretotore and driving show. A great or it in the several valuable farms, heretotore and driving show. A great or it in the several valuable farms, heretotore and driving show. A great or it in the several valuable farms, heretotore and driving show. A great or it in the several valuable farms, heretotore and driving show. A great or it in the several valuable farms, heretotore and driving show. A great or it in the several valuable farms, heretotore and driving show. A great or it is the several valuable farms, heretotore and driving show. A great or it is the several valuable farms, heretotore and driving show. A great or it is the several valuable farms, heretotore and driving show. A great or it is the several valuable farms, heretotore and driving show. A great or it is the several valuable farms, heretotore and driving show and the several valuable farms, heretotore and driving show and the several valuable farms, heretotore and driving show and the several valuable farms, heretotore and driving show and the several valuable farms, heretotore and driving show and the several valuable farms, heretotore and driving show and the several valuable farms, heretotore and driving show and the several valuable farms, heretotore and driving show and the several valuable farms, heretotore and driving show and the several valuable farms, heretotore and driving show